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# MEMORIAL SERVICE

TO

# WILLIAM McKINLEY

President of the United States

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

## The Ohio Republican Association

OF

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OCTOBER 6, 1901

Compliments of
T. M. Sullivan,
Washington D.C.

Detach.

MEMORIAL SERVICE WHOLLY MANAGED, AND PROCEEDINGS

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY T. M. SULLIVAN.

From The Inland Printer, October, 1901

## AMERICA'S MARTYRED PRESIDENT

BORN AT NILES, OHIO, JANUARY 29, 1843
DIED AT BUFFALO, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 14, 1901

# MEMORIAL SERVICE

TO

# WILLIAM MCKINLEY

LATE

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

## THE OHIO REPUBLICAN ASSOCIATION

OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

(*In conjunction with all citizens of Ohio resident in Washington*)

IN

## CHASE'S THEATER

OCTOBER 6, 1901

*PUBLISHED BY REQUEST*

BY

T. M. SULLIVAN
*Secretary*

WASHINGTON, - - 1902

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By transfer
The White House.

TO HON. MARCUS A. HANNA, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO, LARGELY THROUGH WHOSE LOVE FOR, DEVOTION AND FIDELITY TO WILLIAM McKINLEY, OUR COUNTRY WAS BLESSED WITH HIS UNPARALLELED ADMINISTRATION, THE HOMAGE AND GRATITUDE OF HIS COUNTRYMEN ARE DUE, AND THE POIGNANCY OF WHOSE GRIEF FOR HIS DEPARTED FRIEND TOUCHED A SYMPATHETIC CHORD IN THE BREAST OF EVERY LOYAL AMERICAN, THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

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In Memoriam

William McKinley

The Ohio Republican Association

of Washington, D. C.,

In conjunction with all citizens of Ohio residing in Washington, respectfully invite you to attend a

Memorial Service

to

William McKinley,

Late President of the United States,

at

Chase's Grand Opera House,

on

Sunday, October 6, 1901,

At 3 o'clock P. M.

# William McKinley

**BORN AT NILES, TRUMBULL COUNTY, OHIO, JANUARY 29, 1843.**

**1858.** United with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Poland, Ohio.

**1860.** Entered Junior Class in Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa. June 11.—Enlisted as a private in Company E, Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry:—Wm. S. Rosecrans, Colonel; Stanley Matthews, Lieutenant Colonel; Rutherford B. Hayes, Major.

**1861-5.** Participated in Battles of Carnifex Ferry, Clark's Hollow, Princeton, South Mountain, Antietam, Buffington's Island, Cloyd's Mountain, Winchester, Berryville and Cedar Creek, as Private, Commissary Sergeant, 2nd and 1st Lieutenant, Captain and Major. Honorably discharged July 26, 1865.

**1866.** Entered Law School at Albany, N. Y.

**1867.** Admitted to the Bar at Warren, Ohio.

**1869.** Elected Prosecuting Attorney of Stark County, Ohio.

**1871.** Married to Miss Ida Saxton of Canton, Ohio.

**1876-1890.** Elected a Representative in Congress. In 1890, as Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, reported the McKinley Tariff Bill, under which law 27 new industries were started in the United States, and the growth of agriculture and manufactures greatly encouraged

**1891.** Elected Governor of Ohio.

**1893.** Re-elected Governor of Ohio.

**1896.** Elected President of the United States by a plurality of 600,000 votes.

**1898.** War declared against Spain, and acquisition of Porto Rico and Philippine Islands, as result of said war. Annexation of Hawaiian Islands.

**1900.** Re-elected President of the United States, plurality 832,280.

**1901.** September 5.—Delivered his last public address, at the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, N. Y.—outlining the way to greater industrial and commercial achievement by the United States.

September 6.—Assassinated by a cowardly Anarchist, while holding a public reception in the Temple of Music.

September 14.—Died at 2.15 A. M., universally loved and mourned.

September 19.—Entombed at Canton, Ohio.

Requiescat in pace

OFFICERS.

Joseph H. Brigham, President.

Chas. A. Boynton, 1st Vice-President.

P. M. Ashford, 2d Vice-President.

T. M. Sullivan, Secretary.

Wm. L. Simons, Financial Secretary.

C. C. Helmick, Treasurer.

Ohio Republican Association of Washington, D. C.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

John L. French, Chairman.

John E. Brooks, Secretary.

John C. Cox.

M. J. Hole.

C. W. Parker, President and Secretary, members *ex-officio*.

*Washington, D. C., Sept. 15, 1901.*

Dr. M. D. MANN,
Buffalo, N. Y.

SIR: The Ohio Republican Association of this city, of which President McKinley was an Honorary Member, is about to hold a memorial service in honor of his memory, and I desire to make use of his last words. Inasmuch as no two newspapers or speakers quote his last words exactly alike, will you kindly give me all that he said and precisely as he said it?

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully yours,

T. M. SULLIVAN,
*Secretary.*

[SEAL.]

(LITERAL COPY)

DR. M. D. MANN,
NO. 37 ALLEN STREET,
OFFICE HOURS: 12.30 TO 3 P. M.
PRIVATE HOSPITAL,
59 NORTH PEARL STREET.

BUFFALO, *Sept. 26, 1901.*

T. M. SULLIVAN, Esq.,
MY DEAR SIR:

As President McKinley was dying, I stood behind a screen in his room, and heard him say his last words. His wife came into the room, and he said to her, "Goodbye, all, goodbye. It is God's way. His will be done, not ours." There was some further conversation with his wife in the way of leave-taking, but this should not be repeated. About an hour later, he said to his wife, "Nearer, My God, to Thee, e'en though it be a cross, has been my constant prayer." He tried to say something more, but I could not catch it. I gave out at the time the first sentences, as being the most appropriate to be remembered as his last words. I wrote them down at the time, so that there can be no question about it.

Yours very truly,

(Dictated).

M. D. MANN.

# Introductory.

The death of President McKinley came as a cruel blow to every loyal American citizen, and so greatly was he revered that men of all political parties mourned together united by the bonds of a common sorrow. On the day of his obsequies at Canton the whole civilized world paid sincere and heartfelt tribute to his memory; but nowhere, perhaps, were there eulogies more eloquent and tributes more heartfelt and sincere than those pronounced by personal friends and former associates of President McKinley, and his beloved Pastor, Dr. Frank M. Bristol, at the memorial service held under the auspices of the Ohio Republican Association, of which President McKinley was an honorary member, at Chase's Theater, on October 6, 1901, by citizens of Ohio resident in the City of Washington. So eloquent and comprehensive were the eulogies, and so touchingly beautiful was the music that it was thought proper to publish the proceedings as a memorial of the noble and patriotic man whose memory they had met to honor. In order that a clear idea of this splendid memorial service may be formed, the following excerpts from the description of it by The Washington Post are given:

"The sons and daughters of the late President McKinley's native State who are now residents of Washington yesterday paid a last public tribute to the memory of their dead Governor and President. The words of eulogy and love that flowed from the lips of eloquent speakers echoed what was in the heart of every one of the 3,000 people present. The meeting was not confined to Ohioans, and both upon the platform and in the vast auditorium of Chase's Grand Opera House were seen men and women imbued with the same spirit of love and reverence that moved the members of the Ohio Republican Association, under whose auspices the meeting was called.

"Upon the stage were seated officers of the Ohio Republican Association, the speakers and a number of representative citizens of the District and other sections of the country. Back of these, and in contrast to the somber black worn by those upon the stage, were grouped the members of the United States Marine Band in their scarlet full dress uniforms, who rendered appropriate selections during the exercises. The decorations of both the stage and auditorium were in keeping with the spirit of the meeting, and the absence of color in the dresses of the ladies, who formed a large part of the audience, was also noticeable. The speakers faced a multitude of earnest upturned faces framed in a background of simple black.

"Huge portieres of dull black cloth were draped from each side of the stage and fell in folds to the floor from an American flag suspended over the center. Between the wings and in front of the stage were large potted palms, and in the center of the stage, well to the front, was a black-draped speakers' stand around which were banked wreaths of flowers. The Marine Band was stationed directly under a large crayon portrait of President McKinley, which was draped in black, the whole surrounded by two immense American flags. The boxes were draped in mourning and were occupied by a number of well-known Ohioans and Washingtonians. * * * The speaking was especially able, and several times during the afternoon the orators moved their audience to spontaneous applause by their eloquent tributes to the man the people loved. The applause was never long continued, it simply being an audible expression of approval and accord. * * * After the immense audience had been seated, Mr. T. M. Sullivan, Secretary of the Ohio Republican Association, to whose personal efforts the complete success of the memorial meeting was in a large part due, rapped upon the speakers' stand, and with a few well-chosen words introduced Hon. Joseph H. Brigham, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, as presiding officer."

Although the above accurately describes this beautiful Memorial Service, no language can adequately tell the story of the sublime and noble life whose untimely ending made this service necessary.

Step by step he ascended the mysterious ladder of fame, and in the course of his splendid career he had escaped the fangs of political malignity to a greater degree, perhaps, than any of his compeers, because in all his conduct, both public and private, conscience was his constant monitor and guiding star. It was this rectitude of character and his abiding faith in the Creator that, in the final and crucial test of his manhood, when at the very zenith of his power and fame, conscious of the love and esteem of his countrymen, and the admiration of the whole civilized world, proved the greatness of the man and enabled him to lay down the scepter of state with the calm dignity of a stoic and the sublime resignation of a martyr, uttering the immortal words, "It is God's way; His will be done, not ours," and leave as a consolation to his invalid wife his final prayer, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

William McKinley had faith in the stability and perpetuity of the American Republic, and having seen how the discordant liberty-seeking peoples of Europe had been assimilated and cemented into one compact and harmonious federation of American citizenship, he believed it to be a patriotic duty to bestow the enlightening and elevating influence of our free

and glorious Republic upon the benighted and downtrodden inhabitants of the islands of the sea who, through the arbitrament of war, had become our wards, and the saddest feature of his tragic death is the fact that he was not permitted to realize the full fruition of his fondest hopes.

He has left to his countrymen and to humanity the benediction of an ideal life of devoted love and tender affection for the invalid companion of his joys and sorrows; of patriotic zeal and devotion to country seldom equaled and never surpassed, and in his heroic death a magnificent example of Christian fortitude and resignation that will ever remain a priceless heritage to the Republic to whose service he had consecrated his noble life.

His mortal remains were tenderly borne to his beloved Canton, accompanied by the pageantry of a nation's woe, and there, commemorative of his ideal life, patriotic deeds and brilliant achievements, will his loving countrymen erect a splendid monument; but wherever mankind admires conjugal devotion, loves nobility and purity of soul, honors patriotism and consecration to the cause of liberty and humanity there will be his cenotaph, and there will his name be cherished with a love and veneration equaled only by that for Washington and Lincoln.

T. M. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *March 4, 1902.*

# Opening Remarks

BY

## MR. T. M. SULLIVAN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The people of Ohio residing in the city of Washington have met here this afternoon for the purpose of paying their tribute of respect to the memory of William McKinley, the ideal American, whose consecration to the best interests of his countrymen and of all mankind was so complete that when, on the morning of September 14, his untimely death was announced, the whole world mourned. He was one of the noblest exemplars of all the virtues that make a man loved and honored of his fellows, and if anything is said or done here to-day that will inspire a greater love of country, a truer devotion to the cause of humanity, and to emulation of the example of the great man whose memory we have met to honor, the objects of this meeting shall have been accomplished.

I now have the honor to present as chairman of this meeting an intimate personal friend of our beloved President, Hon. Joseph H. Brigham, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

T. M. SULLIVAN,
Secretary Ohio Republican Association,
of Washington, D. C.

REV. J. J. MUIR, D. D.,
Pastor E Street Baptist Church, Washington, D.C.

# Invocation

BY

## REV. J. J. MUIR, D. D.

INTRODUCED BY COLONEL BRIGHAM.

O, God! our Father, we humbly invoke Thy presence and grace as we meet on this sad occasion. Our hearts are bowed with a grief that words cannot express, and we beseech Thee for relief. Thy hand we recognize in the blessings of life, and now that sorrow has fallen upon us we would reverently look to Thee, saying, "Thy will, not ours, be done."

Here are gathered the representatives of a great Commonwealth who mourn the tragic death of its noblest son. We bless Thy name for all that our late beloved President was to the people of his own State, as well as to the country at large. We bless Thee for every influence for good he exerted on those who knew him in the more intimate fellowships of friend and neighbor. We give Thee thanks for what he was in character and high endeavor to those who trusted him through the years with their confidence and love.

O, God! regard with Thy favor the State which gave him birth, and now provides him sepulture. May its citizens be incited by his example to the practice of purest patriotism and loftiest moral achievement; with the consolations of Thine infinite heart minister to the stricken widow, and when out of her loneliness and invalidism she cries "for the touch of the vanished hand and the sound of the voice that is still," be near with Thy comforting presence, and fill with Thyself the great vacancy.

For all that President McKinley was to the Republic, and for all that he represented in the sincerity and devotion of his private life, we most humbly thank Thee. We ask for the guidance that was accorded him during his eventful and honored career, and when the time comes for us to go hence, may it be *ours* to exclaim with the faith and hope which distinguished his last moments, "Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

For his successor in high office we crave Thy favor. Grant him necessary wisdom and strength for the performance of every duty, and may his administration be abundantly prospered. And as he seeks to carry forward the policy outlined

by the illustrious dead, may he be encouraged by the good will and prayers of a united people, and in dependence on Thee may he fulfill his trust in Thy fear.

Grant that we may be profited by these Memorial Services, and may we leave this place truer men and women, resolved to serve our generation better by the will of God.

These things we ask, with the forgiveness of our sins, in the name of Christ, our Saviour and Lord, who has taught us to say,

"Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

---

Largo from Xerxes . . . . . *Handel.*

BY

THE UNITED STATES MARINE BAND,

LIEUT. WM. H. SANTELMANN, *Leader.*

HON. JOSEPH H. BRIGHAM,
Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

# Address

OF

## HON. JOSEPH H. BRIGHAM.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The citizens of Ohio here assembled invite you to unite with them in paying a loving tribute of respect to the memory of her most illustrious son. William McKinley was not born to wealth. His opportunities for advancement were not unusual, but were all improved. His parents taught him to be truthful, industrious, faithful—virtues that went with him to the end of life and crowned his efforts with success. At his Christian mother's knee he was taught to fear God and keep His Commandments. In after life when temptations came, as they come to all, he remained steadfast and true. When his country needed defenders, he was among the first to volunteer. His war record was without stain, and he returned to his home at the end of the strife with honors won upon many battlefields.

Major McKinley entered public life when he was twenty-six years of age. He held many honorable positions, all of which he considered sacred trusts committed to his care by the people. He was a firm believer in the principles of his party and an earnest and able advocate of its policies; but he was never known to speak harshly of those who, in the exercise of their rights as American citizens, opposed his views.

As a political leader he was without a peer. He harmonized contending factions in his own party and drew a large following from the ranks of the opposition. As a statesman, far-seeing and patriotic, the historian of the future will write his name among the first of those whom we delight to honor. As a husband, he was admired by all who knew of his care and tender solicitude for his invalid wife. She was never absent from his thoughts. When his public duties were almost crushing him, his thoughtfulness and devotion to her won the admiration of all. Quiet and unassuming, he was yet ambitious to serve the people, and while still a young man had reached the highest position within the gift of the greatest nation in the world.

When the cowardly assassin struck him down he was in the prime of life and the height of usefulness. He had won the respect and love of every section and class as no man had ever

been able to do in the hundred years of our national life. It is hard to realize that such a life is ended. Must we accept it as a mysterious "Dispensation of Providence"? Is the pitiless assassin who thus ends a life of purity and usefulness the agent of Almighty God? I do not believe it. We have no right to thus excuse ourselves from all responsibility. If we permit mad dogs to run unrestrained among our loved ones, we have no right to hold the Ruler of the Universe responsible for results.

If we permit men and women more dangerous than mad dogs to advocate the murder of rulers and teach it as a duty, we have no right to expect God to interfere to save our noblest and best beloved. God will never do for men what men can and ought to do for themselves. We must rid our country of all who advocate the assassination of rulers. They should be transported to some lonely island where they will not be subject to any rule except their own. The world can afford to give them what they profess to desire—a land without rulers and without law, where, cut off from all communication with law-abiding, Christian peoples, with no opportunity to secure the notoriety they crave, they would soon cry out, as did the first murderer: "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

The voice we loved is hushed in death; the familiar form, the pleasant, smiling face we shall see no more. Everything that mortal man could do to save was done. The Christian world joined in prayer to Almighty God that this life might be spared. It was all in vain. The assassin's work was thorough; the few hours of hope that cheered us soon gave way to despair and grief. When he realized that his hold upon life was failing, he drew nearer to the God he loved and served. In this trying hour he was still great. He bade an affectionate farewell to those who had gone with him to the brink of the dark river, then, turning his face from the cares and joys of earth, he entered upon that existence which lies beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb. We are not permitted to know what awaits us there, but we hope and believe that he who so loved and served his fellow-men while on earth has passed through the gates of the Eternal City and found peace and joy, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

## Octette.

Hymn.—Lead Kindly Light.

| | |
|---|---|
| Miss Elizabeth Wahly, | Miss Lillian Chenoweth, |
| Mrs. C. B. Bayly, | Mrs. Margaret Holland, |
| Mr. Harrington Barker, | Mr. D. C. Holland, |
| Mr. A. McNeill, | Prof. J. D. McFall. |

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead thou me on !
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years !

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !

# Address

OF

## REV. FRANK M. BRISTOL, A. M., D. D.

Benjamin Franklin once contemplated moving out to the Ohio Country, as with a Prophet's vision he saw the dawning possibilities of that fair region which has come to be not only the garden of fruits and flowers and golden grain, but the garden of great minds and noble hearts, of fair women and magnificent men. But there could not have dawned upon the splendid dream of that Philosopher of the Revolution the coming glory of such names as Grant, Sherman, Chase, Stanton, Hayes, Garfield and McKinley. O, Sons of Ohio, we envy you your legitimate pride, your glorious boast that you hail from the State which such names have made immortal. To the galaxy of our National fame what single State has added brighter Stars or contributed more brain and brawn, more heart and heroism, more great motherhood and more noble manhood than Ohio? Of our three Martyred Presidents two were your Compatriots, who rose from the humble ranks of your God-fearing people to become illustrious as Martyrs to liberty and law.

No citizens have a greater reason to mourn to-day than this faithful political bodyguard of the martyred leader whose virtues were your pride, whose genius was your glory, whose victories were your joy, whose friendship was your inspiration, and whose pure, unsullied and illustrious name has become the immediate jewel of your souls. I shall never forget the impression made upon my mind when at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago I looked upon that monument before the Ohio State building representing in heroic statues the most illustrious sons of Ohio—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Chase, Stanton, Hayes, and Garfield—and there in the granite was graven the significant legend, "These are my jewels." Another now must stand beside those Jewels, in moral stature, in the greatness of his manhood, in the faithful service of his life, in his beneficent usefulness, in his splendid patriotism, in his superb Americanism, and in the immortality of most grateful and loving fame, the peer of any Son born of that Ohio Motherhood.

William McKinley was first an American then a Republican as he was first a Christian then a Methodist.

REV. FRANK M. BRISTOL, A. M., D. D.,
Pastor Metropolitan M. E. Church, Washington, D. C.

If we were assembled to make use of a Martyr's name in exploiting any partisan interests then I could have no place or voice in these exercises. Though your organization bears a party name, to-day you are greater than your party. Though many in this vast and thoughtful assembly follow other political banners, bearing other political names, representing other political policies, to-day they are greater than their parties. First of all and above all we are all Americans, and as never before, *fellow citizens*; fellow citizens bound heart to heart by a common sorrow and by a common pride, for the universal sorrow over the untimely taking off of President McKinley is accompanied by the universal pride that he to whose memory the *World* pays tribute was a Son of Ohio, a citizen of the United States, and the magnificent product of Americanism. William McKinley was a Republican, as true to his republicanism as was ever Jefferson to his democracy. He was your ideal and leader, and he led you to glorious victories, but it will be your pride forever that a party never had a more high-minded, conscientious, white-souled leader than William McKinley. Nor did his political antagonists ever lower their campaign banners to a more fair-minded, genial, magnanimous and patriotic gentleman.

I do no man and no party injustice when I believe his political opponents, from *gallant leader* through all the party rank and file, would rather have been defeated by William McKinley than by any other man in the Republican party or by any other man in the world. He was a partisan politician but not a partisan Governor, nor from the days of Washington have we had a less partisan President.

If I may be pardoned for introducing the personal element, permit me to illustrate, by a conversation I had with him, how nobly and grandly he could rise above partisanship as he could rise above sectarianism. While less sagacious and more narrow-minded men were criticizing him for his warm-heartedness toward the South, for his suggestion that Confederate graves be decorated, and for his appointing ex-Confederate soldiers to high civic and military positions during the war with Spain, he said to me: "My critics have good motives, but they do not stop to consider that I am President of the South as well as of the North, of Democrats as well as Republicans. We are one people, we have one destiny; we must rise or fall together." Then to further illustrate his feeling, he stated that while Governor of Ohio for the first term the Roman Catholics had built and were about to open an educational institution in that State. They asked their Governor to attend the exercises and deliver an address. He cordially accepted the invitation, and the fact was published. When certain zealous Protestants

heard of it they were alarmed, and came to the Governor to enter protest. Governor McKinley said: "Gentlemen, you do not stop to think that I am not a sectarian Governor. I am the Governor of Ohio, of the Catholics and of the Protestants, of the Jews and of the Gentiles. I shall make the address." "But," they argued, "if you do this your chances for re-election to the governorship are lost; it will kill you politically." "Gentlemen," said he, "whether I am to be re-elected Governor of Ohio or not, I shall keep my promise by these Catholic citizens of Ohio and deliver the address." And he did. That address, as the people of Ohio will remember, was one of the finest orations in support and defense of our common schools ever heard in this country. That was the courageous spirit of the man who comprehended the true, broad-minded, non-partisan and patriotic functions of a Governor and of a President.

Republican though he was he had the spirit of Lincoln and of Grant in his appreciation of the necessity for obliterating all sectional animosities and burying forever all the hatreds and misunderstandings engendered by our Civil War. No President has done more either by his political acumen, his patriotism or his cordial, courteous manliness to unite the hearts of all our citizens of the North and the South in a new love of the flag and a fresh consecration to liberty. He stood for the brotherhood of American citizenship—not for a nation of sections, but for a National Union. And that national union meant to him not simply an indivisible union of *States*, but the universal and eternal union of the brotherhood of patriotism, the fraternal federation of a free, enlightened and righteous *Americanism*.

The very name William McKinley has become synonymous with national honor, national prosperity, national dignity and national duty. Duty? Yes, William McKinley saw with a prophet's vision that the United States of America was rapidly approaching its age of responsibility; it was evolving into a World-power; it was becoming great enough for a mission; it belonged to civilization; it could no longer evade its share of the burdens and responsibilities of civilization. It was given to this wise, far-seeing, courageous, God-trusting man to preside over the transition through which this country has passed from a governmental problem to a World-power. *We* see it to-day, our *Prophet* saw it *yesterday*, that the future is preparing to make great demands upon this America. These vast inexhaustible resources, this greatness and power, are factors in the problem of the World's civilization. The United States occupies too much of this earth not to be vastly responsible to the entire human race for its just share in the enlightenment of the

World, in the universal freedom of mankind, in the prosperity and happiness of all peoples.

William McKinley stood for a greater America, for a richer, more unselfish America, for a history-making America, for a world-enlightening America. And he saw in this not simply good politics, but he saw in it a Providence wiser than all politics, a law of evolution independent of all legislation, a programme of destiny which no conventions ever dictate or circumvent. *There* was the ideal politician, the true Statesman, the safe, victorious leader, the great President. No statesman, no President has done more to give our flag honor on the seas, and our country front rank among the nations of the earth. William McKinley belonged to the common people, the only people who have ever amounted to anything in the history of the world, the only people who have the virility to give the world geniuses, reformers, heroes and martyrs. He never lost touch with the people, nor did he ever betray the trust they reposed in him. As Congressman, Governor and President he was true to the interests of that great majority of American citizens whose toil makes possible our prosperity, and whose integrity and intelligence are our national glory. Abraham Lincoln emancipated labor from the disgrace and ignominy which slavery had placed upon it. William McKinley was instrumental in leading American Labor from its drudgery to its dignity, and no Statesman has done more than he to exalt and ennoble common industry and establish the sovereignty of the working man. It was the mission of this illustrious son of the common people, this great American Commoner, to make the humblest tiller of our soil, the most obscure mechanic in our mills, the roughest sailor in our Navy, and the poorest fisherman on our coast, as well as the scholar, millionaire and philanthropist feel the value, pride and dignity of being an American Citizen. He believed in well-paid labor and well-paid capital, well-paid muscle and well-paid brains, well-paid enterprise and well-paid obligations.

He believed in the aristocracy of the common people, the prosperity of the nation, the progress of the world, the brotherhood of the race and the coming of the Kingdom of God. Forceful, sagacious, invincible leader as he was, he never posed, never declaimed, never taunted, never sneered, never ridiculed, never insulted—he left all that to weaker men. He was never theatrical; there were no dancing plumes on his helmet—he wore no helmet—fearlessly and bare-browed he went into the fight; but you who followed him always knew where he was in the battle, and his clear, clarion voice never gave an uncertain sound, his magnificent eye never lost its fire, his strong but gentle, firm but courteous,

trusting but masterful personality never lost its magnetism. You were proud of him as a Soldier, proud of him as a Congressman, proud of him as a Governor, proud of him as a President and, above all, with all the brave men and with all pure women of this country and of this world you were and forever will be proud of him as a man. There was the philosophy of his power and of his greatness, he was a clean, pure, high-minded man—a chivalrous, Christian gentleman. That sorrow of the world, when in schoolhouse and hall of justice, in marketplace and home, on the highway and in the workshop, in the church, from the humblest frontier chapel of America to the echoing aisles of England's Westminster, the people and the children of the people wept and grieved over the death of William McKinley. That sorrow of the world was a sublime tribute to a sublime character, the homage of humanity to pure and lofty manhood. For this gift to your country, for this gift to the world, for this man of the people, and this man of God, America, Christendom, humanity turns with weeping reverence and gratitude to that great State whose tender and mighty arms of love enfold in his noble sleep the form of her precious son, her son of charity and chivalry, her son of purity and fame, Ohio's, America's, the World's William McKinley.

As the gallant Wolfe was being rowed across the St. Lawrence to lead the English attack on the heights of Quebec he repeated the beautiful lines of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church Yard;" with a significant emphasis he uttered the words:

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

And as he fell on the Heights of Abraham covered with glory and with victory the poet's line seemed all too true.

But no, it was a mistake. Sweet poet, brave soldier, it is not true that "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

To-day in our sorrow and our hope we believe, we *know* a grander thing: the paths of true glory lead *through* the grave and up to thrones and crowns of immortality. Such a soul as our manly, martyr President still lives—lives in glory and happiness forever.

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O, How Kindly . . . . . *Beethoven*

BY

THE UNITED STATES MARINE BAND.

LIEUT. WM. H. SANTELMANN, *Leader*.

JUDGE THOMAS H. ANDERSON,
Associate Justice Supreme Court, District of Columbia.

# Address

OF

# HON. THOMAS H. ANDERSON.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

We have met to lay the tributes of our affection upon the bier of Ohio's most illustrious son.

It seems but yesterday that we looked into his manly face, heard the rhythmic music of his voice and felt the inspiration of his presence. To-day Ohio holds in her keeping his precious dust while eighty millions of his countrymen guard as a sacred heritage his immortal deeds and memory. Far be it from my purpose on this sad occasion to endeavor to stir your emotions or open afresh your bleeding hearts, but rather, to repress the emotions of my own, that I may fitly lay an humble tribute of love upon his honored tomb. To me and to many of us William McKinley was *more* than President, he was a personal friend. A friend whose qualities of heart and mind bound us to him with cords of sincerest love. While he enjoyed, as did no other American, the love and affection of his countrymen yet so manifold were his virtues and so attractive his personality that those who knew him best loved him most. Therefore it is that while our sorrow is national in the broadest sense, aye ! more, it is world wide, his sad and untimely death has touched the hearts of the people and especially those of his own beloved Ohio, with a sense of inexpressible grief. No wonder the the whole world weeps at the grave of such a man, no wonder that he was the pride of his State and its best beloved citizen. No wonder that Ohio, that gave him to the Nation and to mankind, receives back with loving affection and as a sacred trust the mortal remains of her immortal son. And yet while we thus mourn his untimely and tragic death, the influence of his noble life lives on. In his own eloquent and incomparable speech, as he stood at the tomb of the immortal Grant, "A great life never dies, great deeds are imperishable, great names are immortal."

By common consent he was the greatest statesman of his time, and the most perfect type of American manhood in the annals of our history. So great was he that the whole world felt the inspiration of his genius and the uplift of his power. So good was he that he drew all hearts unto himself, and held them to the last in the enduring bonds of love and affection.

"The deep damnation of his taking off" is, beyond compare, the saddest and the bitterest experience of our history, if not of all time.

He fell a martyr to that malignant hatred "that wages war against a republic as well as against a monarchy," that seeks to strangle liberty whenever and wherever it is regulated by law. He fell in the zenith of his power, and in the glory of a matchless career. He fell at a time when he stood before the world the acknowledged leader and controlling force in the greatest epoch of industrial prosperity and national progress in the history of the human race. He died with his honors full upon him, and amid the ascending prayers of the good and great of all lands that he might yet live.

This is the man whose transcendent genius filled the world with his renown.

While the annals of our brief but stirring history are replete with the names of great men, yet a greater than William McKinley has not risen among us. As we approach the mementos of his glory, we stand with uncovered heads as we contemplate the greatness of his exalted character, his incorruptible integrity, his sublime Christian faith, his lofty patriotism, his arduous and enduring public service, and his imperishable fame.

These are his virtues that will be spoken of him as a memorial for all time.

He was indeed a burning and a shining light that illumined the pathway of men and guided in safety the Ship of State.

"A thousand orators will essay in vain to portray the real greatness of the man and to add to the wideness of his fame. A thousand biographers and historians will strive to add to the lustre of his achievements," and yet the story of his useful and eventful life will still remain an inexhaustible fountain from which the young men of America will draw lessons of priceless value.

Viewed either in the light of his boyhood, his manhood or his public career, his character is alike attractive and worthy of emulation.

Many are prone to think of him, however, in the light of his great fame as President of the Republic. But that is not the whole of his fame—that is only the greatness of his public character, which, after all, is not conclusive evidence of true greatness.

Public character, too often, is artificial and transient.

Such was the greatness of Bendict Arnold, whose ascendent star glowed for a time with rare brilliancy only to fall into an oblivion of shame and infamy. Such was the greatness of the gifted Aaron Burr, "as brave as Cæsar, as polished as Chesterfield, as eloquent as Cicero," he walked with stately

tread before the public gaze and they thought him great; but in an evil hour he yielded to the seductive whisperings of a disloyal ambition and forever forfeited the love and confidence of his countrymen.

The unfortunate history of these unhappy names but accentuates the fact that neither valor, nor genius, nor public fame, can of themselves make men great.

The greatness and genius of William McKinley, unlike these, was of the heroic and enduring type. Whether standing in the public gaze or alone in the quietude of private life, he was the same upright and exemplary man.

His whole career from start to finish was one of lofty aim.

By dint of faithful and intelligent industry, and his own inherent worth and masterful genius, he rose from the ranks of the common people to the most exalted position within their gift.

While reverses and disappointments came to him, as to other men, he met them manfully, and, like the hero that he was, overcame them. Let come what may he faced the future with calm, dignified and unswerving purpose. In every crisis in his own or his country's history, he was equal to its stern demands.

Without egotism, or pride of opinion, he was brave and self-reliant to an eminent degree. This was fully exemplified in his acts and attitude immediately preceding and throughout the war with Spain. While he listened with the utmost respect to the advocates of immediate war, and was not unmindful that public sentiment demanded it, yet he stood *almost alone against immediate action*. But when the hour *for war had struck*, when the country was at last prepared, he no longer hesitated, but with startling suddenness and unfaltering courage he struck the enemy with such invincible force that at the end of less than one hundred days the fleets of Spain had been utterly destroyed and her surviving soldiers and sailors were our prisoners of war.

It may not be generally known that in that brief but brilliant struggle he not only exemplified a masterful self-reliance, but he displayed in a high degree the qualities and genius for supreme command, by the actual exercise of his constitutional prerogative of Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.

On more than one occasion, responding to the sudden exigencies of the situation, he quit the repose of his bed chamber at the midnight hour and hastening to the famous War Room of the White House he moved armies and hurled navies through the medium of the telephone and the telegraph while the rest of us were enjoying that repose he so much needed for himself.

It has been said that "inate modesty is the constant attendant of pre-eminent virtue." If this be true, and true it is, then we have but to mark this and kindred acts of devotion to duty to appreciate the pre-eminent virtues of the man.

It was this very self-abnegation and devotion to duty that won for him the constantly increasing admiration of his countrymen as he ascended higher and higher the rounds of fame. And yet his self-abnegation was not inspired by indifference to the reward of duty well done. He was not indifferent to the approbation of his countrymen. He believed in the people, and the consciousness that the people believed in him was to this masterful man a tower of strength. He loved life and he enjoyed it; he loved God and he served Him; he loved his country and he dedicated his life to its service.

More than any other American President, Mr. McKinley was the President of the whole people. Though not of his party, and differing from him on certain important public measures, he none the less had the highest esteem and confidence of all his countrymen. They believed in him as a man and in the sincerity of his purpose as a public official. Apart from all questions of party difference, he represented practically the unanimous sentiment of the people touching all great questions affecting their welfare. With him there was no North, no South and no lines of sectional division following the artificial boundaries of the past. He loved his country and his countrymen with a sincere and steadfast devotion, and his countrymen loved him in return. While the people of the South surrendered their swords to Grant, they surrendered their hearts to McKinley. The beauty and tenderness of his domestic life, the theme of many a song and story, remain as a perpetual inspiration and benediction to the home circles of earth, while the simplicity of his life and the manifold virtues of his character will for all time be counted among the richest legacies bequeathed by him to his beloved country.

Measured by what he accomplished he was the peer of any man in the annals of all history, and in all that constitutes a perfect man he is the world's most perfect example. Time will but add to the sum of his greatness and to the lustre of his fame. He died as he lived, the champion of liberty and progress, of peace and righteousness, and of every cause that tended to the advancement of his country and the welfare of his countrymen.

But above all he lived and died a Christian, and as long as the memory of the mighty past and his own eventful career survives, he will be lovingly spoken of as "our Christian President." His faith in God was as simple as a child's and as mighty as a prophet's. As he stepped down into the valley

of the shadow of death he feared no evil for the Lord was with him, "His rod and His staff they comforted him," and when his loving heart ceased to throb and his eyes closed forever upon the scenes of earth, God heard the whisperings of his soul, "Nearer, My God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee."

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## Solo.

Beyond the Gates of Paradise . . . . . *King.*

BY

Mr. F. E. McCLURE.

Mr. A. P. TASKER, Accompanist.

Beyond the gates of paradise, those pearly gates ajar,
There is a fair and peaceful land, where happy angels are.
They walk upon its streets of gold, through fields of living green,
And gaze upon its jasper walls no mortal eye hath seen.
And sweet refrain, and golden harps ring out in chorus there,
While Heavenly music ever floats upon its balmy air,
No storms or tempest ever breaks upon its cloudless skies,
No aching hearts, or tears; Beyond the gates of paradise.

Beyond the gates of paradise, to realms of endless day,
How oft' we long for that fair land, could we but soar away,
And see the myst'ries that unfold, which here we ne'er can know,
Within the home of shining ones, with raiment white as snow.
'Tis but a cloud that lies between the earth and golden shore,
And may we join its happy song with those we loved before,
With bright'ning hopes, through rifted clouds, we see the sun arise,
And waiting friends stand there: Beyond the gates of paradise.

*Refrain:*

Beyond the gates of paradise,
A welcome waits for me,
Sweet land of rest, where weary hearts,
From care and toil are free.
Beyond the gates of paradise,
They tell of new found joys,
And happy unions wait—
Beyond the gates of paradise.

# Address

OF

## HON. ALPHONSO HART.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

In the State of Ohio, on what is known as the Connecticut Western Reserve, were born within forty miles of each other, two men whose characters and lives have made a profound impress upon the history of the country and the world. They were of humble origin. They had none of the accessories or advantages of wealth or social prestige. They were, in the best sense of the term, self-supporting, self-made men. They both enlisted in the Union Army and fought for their country in the War of the Rebellion. After the war was over they each became distinguished members of the National Congress, and each was the leader of his party on the floor of the House of Representatives. Each was chosen President of the United States by a large majority of the electoral vote. Each died at the hands of an assassin; one, Garfield, in the month of September, in the first year of his term of office; the other, McKinley, died in the month of September in the first year of his second term of office. The graves where they sleep are almost in hailing distance of each other. Garfield rests at Lake View, overlooking the blue waters of Lake Erie. McKinley, in the quiet peaceful shade of the cemetery at Canton. Truer, larger souled, more patriotic men never lived. One great martyr-President had preceded them—Abraham Lincoln—who lived, labored and suffered for his country and his countrymen, and who is now a saint in Heaven.

It seems as though the larger hearted, the more exalted a man, and the greater and grander his work, the surer is the assassin's bullet to find him.

It might be said that the bitterness engendered by the War of the Rebellion led to Lincoln's death. It might be said that party and political disappointments led to the death of Garfield. But who in all the wide, wide world could harbor aught of evil against William McKinley? His name and his fame have circled round the world and wherever the name was heard it was accompanied by not only the blessings of his countrymen but the whole civilized race. Standing here to-day looking over his life, looking at the wondrous results

HON. ALPHONSO HART,
Ex-Lieut.-Governor and Ex-Member of Congress, Ohio.

wrought by his administration, who can conceive a heart so full of evil, a soul so corrupt and so destitute of all the humanities as to kill the People's, the Nation's, the World's friend. It shocks the moral sense, it startles the soul and compels us to believe in the absolute, the total depravity of man; that there are some human beings in the world in whom there is no element of good—no spark of human sympathy.

We are gathered here to-day to express in a simple way our loyalty, our devotion, our love for William McKinley; our sorrow at his death, our devotion to his memory. We come to pay our tribute and to express our sorrow. Nothing we can say or do will add a single wreath to his brow; or an additional ray of luster to his name. His record is made up. His history is ready to be written, his fame is established to remain undiminished and undimmed forever and forever. His place in the world is fixed. What he was is known, and naught that we can say or do will destroy or add to the shining glory of his name.

I am not here to say that all he did was perfect; that he made no mistakes. Perfection is not an attribute of mortals. But I am here to say that taking his administration as a whole in all its parts and all its results it is without a parallel in history. Under his guiding hand the Nation has prospered in strength, in wealth, in power and prestige as never before.

New and unexpected questions arose at the very beginning of his administration; questions never dreamed of during the campaign of 1896. Who ever anticipated the conflict with Spain? Who ever imagined the results of that war? It is a well-known fact that Mr. McKinley hesitated and held back when the country was clamorous for a declaration of war. Even after the destruction of the United States battleship Maine in Havana Harbor, he counseled deliberation and delay. He waited until events so shaped themselves as to exhibit to the world the justice, the lawfulness and the necessity of war, and then he struck the enemy a blow so swift, so terrible, so crushing that it seemed almost to be the execution of a divine decree. Spain lay prostrate under the power of our arms. You know the history and it need not be recited here. You know of the battle of San Juan and the heroic conduct of our soldiers there, one of whom is in the White House now. You also know how on the morning of May 1, 1898, George Dewey, on board the flagship Olympia, led his fleet into Manila Harbor, over bursting bombs and exploding mines, and under the enemy's guns destroyed the Spanish fleet. You know how the Brooklyn, the Oregon, the Texas and other vessels of the fleet, under command of Schley, surrounded the enemy as with a circle of fire, and all that was left of the Spanish naval power

was a bloody dream. You know of subsequent events; of the Treaty of Paris by which islands enough to make an empire came under the dominion and authority of the United States. Events piled upon events, victory following victory in such quick succession as to startle the world. At the White House sat William McKinley, cool, deliberate, controlling the mighty forces of the Nation. These victories and the measures adopted by his administration meant the extension of American commerce to the uttermost portions of the earth. They meant the spread of business to the distant islands of the sea—they meant the extension of American civilization, American laws, American liberty to lands that had been in darkness thousands of years—they meant the forward march of humanity and Christianity—they meant the opening up of the great highways of the world to the nations with the United States in the lead.

What a marvelous record America has made. I love to speak of it. The Declaration of Independence was signed and published only one hundred and twenty-five years ago. The Constitution of the United States was adopted only one hundred and fourteen years ago. At that time there was only a narrow line of settlements along the Atlantic coast. Now the settlements have extended across the continent. Then our population was only three millions; now it is over eighty millions. Then our flag floated over Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Charleston. But "westward the Star of Empire made its way." Strong, brave, fearless pioneers took that banner and carried it over the Allegheny mountains —across the Ohio river—across and beyond the Mississippi. They planted it upon the top of the Rockies. They raised it on the shores of the Pacific. They hung it out over Alaska. They unfurled it over Honolulu—over Porto Rico, over Manila. The Hawaiian Islands, the Ladrone Islands, the Philippine Islands, are only stepping-stones for America in its majestic march across the sea and around the world.

All the world knows America now. All the nations have heard the news. This great Republic, ocean bound and mountain crowned and bordered by island gems; this Republic, founded by the fathers, baptized, defended and preserved by the blood of their children, stands in the front. It is at the head of the great procession of the nations and leads in the civilizing and christianizing forces of the world.

To the crowning glory of this work William McKinley gave his heart, his soul, his life. His great example is before us to be read by all mankind. His work in life was mighty. But McKinley living was not greater than McKinley dying. His great, brave, tender, heroic soul, looking out through his dying eyes; his voice sweet and low from lips soon to be silent forever

HON. D. K. WATSON,
Ex-Attorney-General and Ex-Member of Congress, Ohio.

spoke of love undying, of hope eternal, of faith everlasting, of country, of wife, of God. The angels must have hovered around his couch and Jesus, lover of our souls, received his spirit.

Standing here to-day let us honor him, and as a way to honor him let us consecrate ourselves anew to the country which he loved and which we love and the principles he defended and for which he gave his life.

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There Is a Green Hill, Far Away . . . . . *Gounod.*

BY

THE UNITED STATES MARINE BAND,

LIEUT. WM. H. SANTELMANN, *Leader.*

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## Address

OF

## HON. D. K. WATSON.

MR. CHAIRMAN :

You know why I speak to you and of whom I shall speak. Every heart in this audience feels that while the Nation has lost its President, a friend has also gone. William McKinley, the President of the United States, is dead ! In thousands of places the people have met and are still meeting, to express their sorrow at his death, and the indignation and shame they feel for the miserable miscreant who fired the shot that brought such sorrow upon the land.

William McKinley was born in the State of Ohio, and lived in it his whole life, except when absent in the service of his country. He loved his State, and the lives and characters of the great men it has produced. But four days before he received his fatal wound, he spoke to me in highest praise about many of the distinguished men who preceded him in the office of Governor of that noble Commonwealth. One of his most distinguished characteristics was that he was a thorough American. He took great pride in our institutions—educational, secular and religious. He was proud of everything that conduced to the support of his government ; proud of the American Army ; proud of the American Navy ; proud of our American system of jurisprudence, and proud of the love which all Americans feel for their country.

If each of you were given the power to create a man who should embody your idea of human perfection, I doubt if you

could create a more perfect one than William McKinley. If you had such power what are the elements with which you would endow your ideal? You would include courage. He had it. You would include love of country. He possessed it. You would include love of family and home. No man possessed it more. You would include eloquence. He was a great orator. You would include statesmanship. He was its highest representative. You would include fidelity and integrity in the affairs of life. He possessed them. You would include reverence for Almighty God and respect for His Holy Word. These were strongly developed in his character. You would endow your hero with a splendid personal appearance. No man possessed a finer one; and even in death his face was noble and inspiring. A gentleman remarked to me at his funeral that he saw him soon after his lips closed, and that he looked like a god asleep.

No man ever occupied the office of President who had greater confidence in the judgment of the people. How often I have heard him say, "The people know what is right and will do it." One of his favorite expressions was, "The will of the American people must be respected. It is the final arbiter of all questions pertaining to their welfare."

So great was this confidence that he had no fear of an attempt to take his life. On the Monday evening before his assassination, in a conversation with him in his home at Canton, I suggested that there might be danger in exposing himself at a great exposition such as he was to attend at Buffalo.

He said to me, "There is not the slightest cause for such feeling. I have no fear that any attempt will ever be made on my life. The people know that I love them, and I do not believe that I will ever be harmed by any one."

In every sense of the word he filled the conception you have of a Statesman. He was shrewd in National statecraft. Nature never made a greater diplomat.

His management of National affairs during and after our war with Spain so profoundly impressed the country and the world that he passes into history as the ablest Statesman of his age, so admitted by the nations of the earth.

This illustrious and revered American is dead. The boy soldier, the public prosecutor, the ideal citizen and husband, the Member of Congress, the Governor of our State, the eminent Statesman, the great Diplomat, the President of the Republic, is dead! His voice, so eloquent and potent in the interest of the people and in defense of free institutions and popular government, will never again arouse great emotions in the human breast, inspire others to accomplish great objects and purposes, or encourage young men to strive for noble place

and high position. It is silent forever ! The influence which this single human life exerted, and will exert, as long as the Nation endures, is beyond man's ken to estimate.

I shall not indulge in fulsome praise of our late President, but judging him by every fair test I believe that his influence for good upon his country will be as great and endure as long as that of any man who has filled the office of President of the United States, and that he will stand in history as one of the great representative Presidents of the Republic.

We have been told that when he realized that he was passing away his last words were : "It is God's way ; His will, not ours, be done." But I was informed at his funeral, by a distinguished Senator, who was in his room a few moments before his soul took its flight, that these were not his last words, though they are among his last, and that after he had uttered them the shadow of unconsciousness passed over him, and those around him thought that they had seen the last, but, noticing a motion of his lips, my informant told me he stepped quickly to his side and stooped over him, and the President was repeating "Nearer to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee," and that after he had whispered these words, which were a part of his favorite hymn, the eternal silence fell upon him, and he was gone. This illustrates, and that is my object in mentioning it here, the confidence which our late President had in the All-wise Creator of the Universe. "Nearer to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee," were the last words of the great President, for with this utterance passing from his lips he fell into the eternal sleep. What an expression with which to meet eternity ! Could anything be more inspiring to the Christian world ? Could a nobler heritage have been left the Church than this of our dying President ? Could greater expression of faith and confidence in God, and belief in the immortality of the soul, have been left to the inheritance of Christianity throughout the world ? His life was the triumph of manhood. His death the triumph of Christianity.

What now is the lesson of this man's life to the American people ? The great lesson it teaches is a constant devotion to our country and its institutions. We must love and defend our country for our country's sake. His intense Americanism must always encourage us, and we must faithfully and courageously discharge the duties that devolve upon us in whatever station or sphere of life we may be placed. While the most glorious and encouraging of all is, that in this Republic the pathway to glory and fame is an open one, for the life of our late President is another evidence that in this country there are no inherited crowns, no sons born to rule a kingdom or sway an empire. There are no thrones upon which royal personages sit

and wield the scepter of power. This is a Republic, where the people elect their officers, and where a boy born in poverty and obscurity may win his way, and has won his way, over and over again, not to the position of King, or Czar, or Emperor, but to that of President, chosen by the people to guide the destinies of their Nation. Here manhood and womanhood are free. Here education is free. Here liberty is enthroned. Here the people are the power.

What room, therefore, in such a country, where the laws are made by the people and administered by the chosen servants of the people, is there for the anarchist? Why should he in cowardice and shame strike down the leader of our Republic and thereby attempt the destruction of our National peace and prosperity? Why should anarchy—which means the absence of established government, the overthrow of law and order, the denial of God and Revelation, the destruction of the common school, the college, the university, and the church—insert its vile and odious doctrine here? Let the inspiration which comes to us from the life and teachings of our late beloved President inspire us to arm ourselves against this enemy of liberty and government, and let every American, wherever he may be and whatever may be his position in the walks of life, if he feels the responsibility and dignity of American citizenship, be ever ready to strike anarchy as anarchy struck our President.

Let our laws punish an anarchist because he is an anarchist, as they punish a pirate because he is a pirate. Let the red flag be driven from the nations of the earth as the black flag has been driven from the seas.

Sad as the hours were when Lincoln and Garfield died, the Nation survived; and sad as it seems now, the Nation will still survive. Wise as McKinley was, great as he was in counsel, calm and serene as he was in the storms of national and international strife, and much as his wisdom and example will be missed, still the Nation will go on, wisely and well. Noble men will guide the Government in this hour of peril. The new President will not fail to realize the vast importance of his position, or to discharge with wisdom and fidelity every trust and obligation placed upon him. He knows the ship which his hand is to guide. He knows, too, the waters she must sail in. Great responsibilities have come upon him, but he has great wisdom and courage. No fear for him. With the future will again come sunshine into our National life. The new President, like the late one, is thoroughly American, and all Americans will stand for him and about him, helping him and encouraging him. He will be worthy of the people and the people worthy of him. He and they will not forget that the mantle of the beloved McKinley is upon him; and all believe

PROF. JASPER DEAN McFALL,
In Charge of Vocal Music.

that he will wear it well and discharge the duties of his great office as a wise and conservative President, while the American people will ever love and revere the life and character of the soldier, the legislator, the Governor, the wise diplomat, the illustrious statesman, the typical American citizen, the faithful and loving husband who was our beloved President. Beautiful and majestic monuments will perpetuate his name and achievements, but his greatest monument, which will endure when all others have crumbled beneath the evolutions of time, will be his Christ-like death, for that will inspire the Christian world through all the ages to come.

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## Duet.

Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break.

BY

PROF. J. D. MCFALL AND MR. HARRINGTON BARKER.

Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing;
But, O, the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King!

Some day my earthly house will fall,
I can not tell how soon 'twill be,
But this I know—My All in All
Has now a place in Heaven for me.

Some day, when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy tinted West,
My blessed Lord shall say,
"Well done!" And I shall enter into rest.

Some day; till then I'll watch and wait,
My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,
That when my Saviour ope's the gate,
My soul to Him may take its flight.

*Chorus:*

And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story—Saved by grace;
And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story—Saved by grace.

# Address

OF

## HON. SIMON WOLF.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Years ago I had the pleasure and honor of making the acquaintance of William McKinley, which soon ripened into a lasting friendship. To me he is not dead, but lives and will forever live, the highest exponent of truth, patriotic and inspiring American citizenship. He loved the Jew, he loved the Catholic, he adored his own faith, and to each and every one he was a brother and felt within himself towards each and every one the kinship born of the highest ideals of Christianity and exalted humanity. In other words, he represented in his life-work and thoughts the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. In this spirit William McKinley will be forever an example and a type, and I can tell you here to-day that in the enactment of laws for the purpose of preventing anarchism, and for the punishment of those who would destroy law and order you will find none who will more heartily and enthusiastically co-operate in destroying this hell-bound gang of miscreants than those who have come from other lands. You can depend upon that to a certainty, and in this spirit we will all work for God and country. Jew and Christian must go hand in hand in appreciation of the privileges that all enjoy, and which must forever be preserved as a priceless legacy and be transmitted to future generations as untarnished and as luminous of light and hope as we enjoy at this moment.

The great life of the immortal martyred President which went out so grandly and sublimely will be forever an inspiration to men all over the world, and in the distant islands of the East when they are being navigated by American ships with the American flag of freedom flying at their topmast, the patriotism, generosity and Christian humility of William McKinley will continue to be their guiding star for God and country.

No one can appreciate the grand characteristics of Mr. McKinley more than I, for he filled the measure of my fondest hopes of what a man, an American and a gentleman should ever be. I remember well when I called on him two years ago to invite him and his Cabinet to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of our Jewish Temple in this city. He said,

HON. SIMON WOLF,
Ex-U. S. Agent and Consul-General, Cairo, Egypt.

"Well, Wolf, I really do not see how I can come ; I am very busy and if I come to the corner-stone laying of your temple I will be asked to go to each and every one of a like character." I said, "But, Mr. President, you know that you have no warmer friends than the American citizens of Jewish faith, and we look upon you with not only pride, but with gratitude for the many evidences of good will you have ever exhibited to us, not only in your present position but in all the positions that you have heretofore so honorably filled, that it would be a great impetus to each and every one if you would come." He promptly acquiesced and said he would be there, and he was, and it is one of the most memorable features of that historic occasion. Years and years hence it will be spoken of with pleasure and with pride.

President McKinley to me was something more than what he was to others. He typified in a concrete form not only the glorious past of our country, but its future. He became, whether by decree of Providence or circumstances beyond his control, the central figure at the close of the nineteenth century, and created conditions for the betterment and advancement of the United States which can never be destroyed. He is one of the three great American Presidents—Washington, Lincoln, McKinley—and their three names joined in a trinity will live not only in the annals of our own country, but in the annals of history, each contributing to make the United States a recognized power along all the lines of civilization. May the young men and young women of our country be inspired to the noblest endeavor, taking as an example the work and worth of these three great American types.

But in addition to what President McKinley left as a priceless legacy to his countrymen as a statesman and a patriot, he has left to mankind a lesson of courage, of strength, of human endurance at the closing hours of his life that outranks him with any other man of this time or any time, and the death-bed scene will in future years be portrayed in sculpture and on canvas and be sung in immortal verse by the poets of the future, equal to any for which Rome and Greece have become immortal.

## Octette.

Hymn—Nearer, My God, to Thee.

1
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2
Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3
There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4
Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5
Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

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## Resolutions

PRESENTED BY MR. T. M. SULLIVAN, AND ADOPTED BY A RISING VOTE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Oct. 6, 1901.*

WHEREAS, We, the citizens of Ohio resident in the City of Washington, have heard with profound sorrow and regret of the death of our beloved and highly honored fellow-citizen, William McKinley, President of the United States, Therefore,

*Resolved*, That in the death of William McKinley humanity has lost one of its greatest benefactors, this Nation an able and patriotic Chief Magistrate, and the State of Ohio her most illustrious son.

*Resolved*, That while most profoundly lamenting the death of our revered Chief Magistrate, we rejoice in the memory of a career so exalted, so patriotic and so noble, that when the hour of dissolution came there was no cloud to obscure its brilliancy, no blemish to mar its completeness.

As Civilian, Soldier and Statesman his place in history will be among the world's greatest and noblest chieftains, and as a priceless legacy to his countrymen will be the memory of his spotless Christian character, unalloyed patriotism, wise and beneficent statesmanship. While his beloved Ohio may claim the credit of his birthplace and citizenship, his untarnished honor and the history of his noble life cannot be circumscribed by State lines. They are the Nation's legacy and the rich heritage of the Republic he served so faithfully and well; and as time rolls away his fame will grow more and more effulgent and ascend higher in the firmament of the World's history, until it becomes a fixed star in the resplendent galaxy of the greatest and noblest of his generation, and his memory will be forever enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen.

His noble soul harbored no malice; every righteous cause found in him an eloquent advocate and an ardent champion. His love of country, pure and exalted patriotism knew no North, no South, no East, no West; while every pulsation of his generous heart was for the honor, dignity and welfare of the Republic; the emancipation of the oppressed; the advancement and ennoblement of his fellow-men.

His last public utterance was a kindly admonition to his political associates, and was characteristic of the man. It breathed forth a spirit of patriotic devotion to country and an anxious solicitude for the prosperity and welfare of her people.

His illustrious life has established for our emulation a high standard of excellence, and his name will ever be to us the synonym of patriotism. To-day as we pay tribute to his memory, let us consecrate ourselves anew to the service of our country, and, drawing inspiration from his patriotic example, with one purpose, and one impulse, press onward to a common and glorious destiny.

*Resolved*, That while we deeply lament the untimely death of William McKinley at so important a juncture in the history of our beloved country, we wish to express our sincere regard for and unfaltering faith in Theodore Roosevelt, his successor in the Presidential Office, believing that his practical experience, his honesty of purpose, and his firm determination to act rightly and justly, will enable him to carry out the great purposes of his able and patriotic predecessor, and that, through his instrumentality, assisted by his wise and experienced counselors, our great Republic will continue to occupy its present high place among the nations of the earth.

*Resolved*, That we especially express our deep sympathy and condolence with Mrs. McKinley in her bereavement, wherein she has been deprived of a loving husband, a kind and affectionate companion, and we sincerely hope that the love and

esteem of her own countrymen, the respectful commiseration of the whole civilized world, and the memory of her late husband's great career, and his crowning triumph in death, may assuage her grief and sustain her in this her greatest sorrow, and that the tender remembrance of a great nation for him who died a martyr's death with such Christian fortitude and resignation may prove a solace to her in her widowhood.

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## Resolutions.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *October 6, 1901.*

*Resolved*, By the citizens of Ohio, resident in the city of Washington, assembled to pay tribute to the memory of William McKinley, late President of the United States, that the thanks of this vast assemblage are hereby tendered to Mr. Plympton B. Chase for the use of his beautiful Theater, and other contributions to the success of this Memorial Service.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of every loyal American citizen in this community are due Mr. Chase for the patriotic good taste displayed by him in sacrificing his business, closing his Theater and draping it in the somber emblems of sorrow during the week of the obsequies of our late lamented President.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these Resolutions be presented to Mr. Chase, and also furnished to the press of Washington and of Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

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## Vote of Thanks.

The thanks of this assemblage are hereby tendered to the Hon. Frank W. Hackett, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Major Theodore E. True, Depot Quartermaster; Gen. Chas. Heywood, Col. B. R. Russell, Mr. Henry Small, Messrs. Woodward & Lothrop, especially their Manager, Mr. H. G. Jacobs, and their Decorator, Mr. Thomas G. McKnew; W. B. Moses & Sons, Lt. Wm. H. Santelmann and his very excellent corps of musicians; Mr. F. E. McClure and Mr. A. P. Tasker, and especially to Prof. J. D. McFall, through whose personal efforts the splendid vocal talent was contributed, and to all who in any wise contributed to the success of this Memorial Service.

PLYMPTON B. CHASE,
Proprietor Chase's Theater.

LIEUT. WM. H. SANTELMANN,
Leader U. S. Marine Band.

# Letter of Regret.

The following letter of regret was received from President Roosevelt :

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON.

The President regrets his inability to accept the courteous invitation of The Ohio Republican Association of Washington, D. C., to be present at the Memorial Service to William McKinley, Late President of the United States, Sunday, October the sixth, at three o'clock.

FRIDAY,
OCTOBER THE FOURTH,
1901.

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Hymn—America.

Sung by the audience, accompanied by the United States Marine Band.

1

My Country ! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing :
Laud where my fathers died !
Land of the Pilgrim's pride !
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring !

2

My native Country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song :
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4

Our father's God ! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King !

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